



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1814.

NO. 15.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE ROMAN
EMPRESS THEODORA.

BUT the usual honours which the severity of Roman manners had allowed to the wives of princes, could not satisfy either the ambition of Theodora or the fondness of Justinian. He seated her on the throne as an equal and independent colleague in the sovereignty of the empire, and an oath of allegiance was imposed on the governors of the provinces in the joint names of Justinian and Theodora. The eastern world fell prostrate before the genius and fortune of the daughter of Acacius. The prostitute who, in the presence of innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as a queen in the same city by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs.

Those who believe that the female mind is totally depraved by the loss of chastity, will eagerly listen to all the invectives of private envy or popular resentment, which have dissembled the virtues of Theodora, exaggerated her vices, and condemned with rigour the venal or voluntary sins of the youthful harlot. From a motive of shame or contempt, she often declined the servile homage of the multitude, escaped from the odious light of the capital, and passed the greatest part of the year in

the palaces and gardens which were pleasantly seated on the sea-coast of the Propontis and the Bosphorus. Her private hours were devoted to the prudent as well as grateful care of her beauty, the luxury of the bath and tables, and the long slumber of the evening and the morning. Her secret apartments were occupied by the favourite women and eunuchs, whose interest, and passions she indulged at the expense of justice; the most illustrious personages of the state were crowded into a dark and sultry anti-chamber, and when at last, after tedious attendance, they were admitted to kiss the feet of Theodora, they experienced, as her humour might suggest, the silent arrogance of an empress, or the capricious levity of a comedian. Her rapacious avarice to accumulate an immense treasure, may be excused by the apprehension of her husband's death, which could leave no alternative between ruin and the throne; and fear as well as ambition might exasperate Theodora against two generals, who, during a malady of the emperor, had rashly declared that they were not disposed to acquiesce in the choice of the capital. But the reproach of cruelty, so repugnant even to her softer vices, has left an indelible stain on the memory of Theodora: her numerous spies observed, and zealously reported, every act-

ion, or word, or look, injurious to their royal mistress. Whomsoever they accused were cast into her peculiar prisons, inaccessible to the enquiries of justice, and it was rumoured, that the torture of the rack, or scourge, had been inflicted in the presence of a female tyrant, insensible to the voice of prayer or of pity. Some of these unhappy victims perished in deep unwholesome dungeons, while others were permitted, after the loss of their limbs, their reason, or their fortune to appear in the world the living monuments of her vengeance, which was commonly extended to the children of those whom she had suspected or injured. The senator, or bishop, whose death or exile Theodora had pronounced, was delivered to a trusty messenger, and his diligence was quickened by a menace from her own mouth. 'If you fail in the execution of my commands, I swear by him who liveth for ever, that your skin shall be flayed from your body !'

If the creed of Theodora had not been tainted with heresy, her exemplary devotion might have atoned, in the opinion of her contemporaries, for pride, avarice, and cruelty. But, if she employed her influence to assuage the intolerant fury of the emperor, the present age will allow some merit to her religion, and much indulgence to her speculative errors. The name of Theodora was introduced, with equal honour, in all the pious and charitable foundations of Justinian ; and the most benevolent institution of his reign may be ascribed to the sympathy of the empress for her less fortunate sister, who had been seduced or compelled to embrace the trade of prostitution. A palace on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, was converted into a stately and spacious monastery, and a liberal maintenance was assigned to five hundred women, who had been collected from the streets and brothels of Constantinople. In this safe and holy retreat, they were devoted to perpetual confinement ; and the despair of some, who threw themselves headlong into the sea, was lost in the gratitude of the penitents, who had been delivered from sin and misery by their generous benefactress. The prudence

of Theodora is celebrated by Justinian himself ; and his laws are attributed to the sage counsels of his most reverend wife, whom he had received as the gift of the Deity. Her courage was displayed amidst the tumult of the people and the terrors of the court. Her chastity, from the moment of her union with Justinian, is founded on the silence of her implacable enemies ; and, although the daughter of Acacius might be satiated with love, yet some applause is due to the firmness of a mind which could sacrifice pleasure and habit to the stronger sense, either of duty or interest. The wishes and prayers of Theodora could never obtain the blessing of a lawful son, and she buried an infant daughter, the sole offspring of her marriage. Notwithstanding this disappointment, her dominion was permanent and absolute ; she preserved by art or merit, the affections of Justinian ; and their seeming dissensions were always fatal to the courtiers who believed them to be sincere. Perhaps her health had been impaired by the licentiousness of her youth ; but it was always delicate, and she was directed by her physicians to use the Pythian warm baths. In this journey, the empress was followed by the prætorian præfect, the great treasurer, several counts and patricians, and a splendid train of four thousand attendants : the highways were repaired at her approach : a palace was erected for her reception ; and as she passed through Bithynia, she distributed liberal alms to the churches, the monasteries, and the hospitals, that they might implore heaven for the restoration of her health. At length, in the twenty-fourth year of her marriage, and twenty-second of her reign, she was consumed by a cancer ; and the irreparable loss was deplored by her husband who, in the room of a theatrical prostitute, might have selected the purest and most noble virgin of the East.

FEAR OF GHOSTS.

A heavy complaint has been made against the writers of modern romances full of *Ghost's Spectre's and murderers*. The young ladies are so frightened as to be afraid to sleep alone.

LION HUNT, NEAR KAIRA, BOMBAY.

THE sporting gentlemen of this station were, on the 22d Dec. informed, that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle two miles from Beereije. Immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and to proceed to chase them from thence. Accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent village; that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts had been torn and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies; and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed. These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of sixteen gentlemen having assembled on the 24th, proceeded to the scene of action, accompanied by a company of armed peons from the Audulet and Revenue departments. The guides took them to the precise spot where three of the ROYAL FAMILY were reposing in state. The party advanced with due caution to within a few paces of the jungle, without disturbing the residents. At that instant three dogs, which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the PRESENCE, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as for a moment 'made the bravest hold his breath.' One of the dogs was killed—the other two fled, and were seen no more. Presently, a lioness was indistinctly seen at the mouth of the den; a few arrows were discharged, with a view to irritate her; and in induce her to an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction, with two cubs about two thirds grown.

They pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit; when, suddenly one of the men who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side, to some heights, when they

descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them, through an open field, at an easy canter, and lashing his tail in a style of indiscrivable grandeur. The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired, just as the animal had cleared at one bound, a chasm, which was between them, of twelve feet broad.—He was, apparently, wounded in the shoulder; but nevertheless, sprung on Mr. M. whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; but feeling, at the same time, a peon's lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the poor man by the throat, and strangled him before the party dared fire, lest they should kill his victim. He was now at bay but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down—when, suddenly, the man on the look out gave another alarm, and the party almost immediately, perceived a lioness, which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffs to the village. A woman and a child were almost immediately sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces. This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had lain down. She immediately sprung upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, and crushed his skull, and tore his face, so that no feature was discernable, and the skin literally hung in the wind. A companion, who advanced to his assistance, she seized by the thigh; the man in the agony of pain, caught the beast by the throat, when she quit- ted his thigh, and fastened on his arm and breast. At this moment the gentlemen advanced within 15 paces, and as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged 20 balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some

more shot terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted. Both of the peons died in a few hours. Mr. M. is recovering."—*Bombay paper.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A DIVER.

OF all the divers who have given any information from the bottom of the ocean, the famous Nicolas Pesce, mentioned by Rincher, is the most celebrated; the veracity of this account is not in all respects to be depended on, though Rincher assures us he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily. This famous diver, by his great skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the fish. This man from his infancy had been used to the sea, and gained a livelihood by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages on shore. From his long acquaintance with the sea, it at length became almost his natural element; he has been known to spend five days amongst the waves, without any other provision than what he caught there. He often swam over Sicily to Calabria, a most dangerous passage; and frequently would swim among the gulphs of the Lipari Islands, without the least apprehensions of danger.

Some mariners one day observed something at a distance from them in the sea, which they supposed to be a sea-monster; but upon a nearer view, they found it to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they questioned him where he was going on so rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he produced a packet of letters, fastened up in a leather bag which he was carrying to one of the towns in Italy. After stopping with them some time, and eating a hearty meal, he took his leave, and jumped into the sea, to pursue his voyage.

Nature seemed to have assisted him in a peculiar degree to bear the hardships of the deep; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed like a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, as to enable him to take in at one respiration as much breath as would last him the day.

The fame of this extraordinary man soon reached the ears of Frederic, King of Sicily, who, excited by a natural curiosity, ordered that he should be brought before him. The king thought this a fair opportunity to gain some certain intelligence concerning the Gulph of Charybdis; he therefore commanded the poor diver to explore the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and ordered a golden cup to be flung into it, by way of incitement. Nicolas, conscious of the danger he was exposed to, ventured to remonstrate: but the hopes of reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the encreasing of his own fame, at length prevailed. He immediately jumped into the gulph, and was instantly invisible. The king and his attendants waited with great anxiety for three quarters of an hour on the shore, and at last perceived him buffeting the waves with one hand, and holding the cup in triumph in the other: the cup was immediately made the reward of his bold adventure. He was allowed time to refresh himself, and was then brought again before the king, to relate the wonders he had been witness of. He declares, if he had been apprized of half the dangers he had to encounter, he should never have obeyed the king's command. There are four obstacles, he says, which render the gulph terrible not only to men, but even to the fishes who inhabit it. The first, is the great force of water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, threatening destruction on every side; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and, fourthly, the quantity and size of the polypus fish, some of which appear as large as men, and stick against the rocks, projecting their fibrous arms to entangle every thing that approaches. He was then asked how he so readily found the cup; he replied, that it had been carried by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself struck in his descent. The king wishing for further information, prevailed on this unfortunate man to venture a second time. He went down, but was never since heard of.

THE DISBANDED SOLDIER.

SOON after the peace of Luneville, M. Monjoli, a Frenchman, who had acquired a considerable fortune by some lucrative employments he had enjoyed under government, met with and married a beautiful Piedmontese lady. They travelled together into Italy, into which country his occupations called him, and were entertained, in the neighbourhood of Placenza, for some days, by a rich Italian, the cousin of M. Monjoli. About that time several corps of troops had been disbanded by the government of the Italian republic, in consequence of the peace, and many robberies were committed in the neighbouring country. One evening, as M. Monjoli and his lady were walking near the skirts of a thick and romantic wood, they were suddenly attacked by one of these banditti, who rushed instantly upon them from behind some bushes: and, drawing his sword, told them they must bestow on him some liberal alms, or that he was prepared to enforce their charity.

'I do not,' said he, 'ask this for myself; though, considering all the hardships I have suffered in the field, and all the wounds I have received in the support of a cause which I was taught was that of mankind in general, I think I have some claims to the generosity of the world. But no more of that—I ask for my poor wife, who, from sickness and want, lies at the point of death.—You must give her effectual assistance immediately.'

'You seem,' said M. Monjoli, to be a brave man; and fighting in the French armies, or in conjunction with them, how could you be left in so much want as to render such an act as this necessary for the support of your wife?'

'Perhaps I was too generous; if I saw distress, I gave away my money.—But I could not intrigue, and I sometimes spoke out too plainly against the pillage and plunderings of some of my officers; for I could not rob—not I mean till compelled by absolute necessity. My wife would sooner die than accept relief in this manner now, but I will not see her die. She is of a family

not rich, indeed, but of the most honourable principles. Her brother, however, we have lately heard, has got into the right revolutionary track, and made a great fortune in a very short time by some employments under the government. He is now Mr. commissary Monjoli.'

The countenances of both Mr. Monjoli and his lady expressed the utmost astonishment. The soldier proceeded—

'For myself, I am a Piedmontese, a native of Pignerol. Animated with the most ardent enthusiasm for the republican cause, I left my friends, and took up arms. I have gained nothing but the knowledge that our superiors makes us the tools of their self-interest and ambition.'

'Are you a Piedmontese?' said madame Monjoli. 'I had a brother who went into the army in despite of the remonstrances of his friends. Your name is not Gianne?'

'It is,' said the soldier; 'but I will never again see any of my friends or relations. I will not expose myself to their upbraidings.'

An explanation now soon took place by which it appeared that the soldier was the brother of madame Monjoli, and his wife the sister of her husband; by whose fortune and influence they were both afterwards amply provided for.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.
Mr. EDITOR,

PERHAPS there are none ignorant of the fact that the New-Englanders are universally called Yankees; and as it may be pleasing, and perhaps new to some of your readers, I take the liberty of sending you this short account of the origin of the word. It is from a source that may be relied upon.

There was an old farmer who lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about the year 1713, whose name was Jonathan Hastings. The word yankee was one of his own invention, and was a favorite one with him to express excellency.

Thus, an excellent horse, or excellent rider, was with him, a yankee horse, or yankee rider. The students of the college in that town, were in the habit of hiring horses of him, and from their frequent intercourse with him, and his constant use of the word upon all occasions, they were led to adopt it themselves; and they gave him the name of Yankee Jon. Jonathan was a worthy honest man, but was never renowned for his wisdom. From this circumstance the word became in use among the collegiates, to denote a simple awkward person: and as they dispersed to their respective homes they carried the word with them, and by that means it became in use throughout New-England; and was at last taken up by the English (but very unjustly) and applied to the New-Englanders in general as a term of reproach. c.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO EMMA.

COULD contrition atone for past inadvertencies, my error would be diluted by terms of sincerest regret; and Emma would betray the smile she was wont to assume. To revert to the source from which our aberrations emanated, might engender new themes for animadversion, and afford a useless recital to us who are reciprocally conscious of being in fault. While you regard me, Emma, in the light of a critic, my reproofs were reprehensible, and unworthy of pardon; but when you conceive that the motive by which I was actuated, to be the dictates of groundless supposition, formed from what you said in haste, I have the charity to hope that forgiveness is not irreparable.

My fancy never invested you with celestial beauty, nor endowed you with angelic purity. Should any part of my letters give rise to this supposition, pardon the inconsistency; for to entertain such an idea would disrobe you of the human character and assimilate you to a divinity. Presumptuous would I be to expect an alliance with a goddess (in my own estimation) who, to punish my vanity, I little dream may invent some punishment comparable to the unfortu-

nate Ixion's. No, Emma, my conceptions of your charms soar not above mediocrity. I am contented to look upon you as a mortal, but as one superior to many—as one who (although she may have the delicacy to confess she is superior to none of her sex) evinces herself to be—Emma.

"A fine figure, a handsome face" may captivate Cœleb's attention, but it is "affable and agreeable manners, a useful education and a cheerful disposition" that can fascinate his heart or enchain his affections. When he considers that Emma, destitute of these advantages, would be unfit to tread with him the thorny path of life, and continue to please when the effervescence of youth has subsided, it is his opinion that adorned with them, she is capacitated to establish a permanent love, impart felicity not only when prosperity diffuses her beatific influence, but even amidst the storms of adversity. Such a woman, trust me Emma, is rarely to be found. She is rich although no wished for dowry is hers, she is lovely, though her complexion is shaded by the emblem of night, and though the features of her face are disproportionately formed.

I beg that you will excuse the brevity or proximity of this epistle, as my late return from a rural excursion precludes me from speaking more, than that Emma's request will be faithfully acceded to by CŒLEBS.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Lines addressed to SVILENROC.

THANKS friendly stranger for thy lay,
Hail to thy harp's alluring wiles;
Whose flattery veil'd in simple guise,
Bespeaks the muses favorite child:
But mine of late is somewhat sad,
For harsh the sullen notes it rings.
I cannot touch with minstrel hand,
Or rouse to melody its strings;
But fain would I its power renew,
To list once more a pleasing strain,
For my enraptured heart beats warm,
And loves Apollo's tuneful train.
And should he once more deign to tune,
The youthful minstrel ruined lyre,
I'd boldly sweep its silver strings,
And rouse its dear poetic fire.
Yes, friendly stranger, should he guide
The wavering muse that's wont to stray,
I'll once more kneel before his shrine,
And list thy soft enviting lay.

ELLA.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ELEGY

On the Death of Dr. ROBERT M'DONALD,
who died on the Northern Frontier, in the
discharge of his duty, as surgeon in the
army.

FAR from thy friends thy latest sigh was
breath'd ;
Strangers around thee—but those strangers
griev'd ;

'Tis Nature's tribute—'tis a heartfelt tear,
That ever falls on Virtue's honor'd bier.

Beside thy couch no mother bent her head,
To shed her tears upon thy dying bed ;
But Virtue's guardian angel hover'd near,
To breathe her blessing in thy joyful ear.

A distant turf now wraps thy mould'ring form,
And oft' around thee howls the northern
storm ;

Thy narrow bed is prest by strangers feet,
And oft perchance a bleeding soldier's seat.

Still to thy name the tears unbidden flow,
And sighs will heave 'tho time has blunted woe
For time may roll but mem'ry will not die,
And while it lives virtue will claim a sigh.

Shall have that sigh, from faithful friendship's
breast,

Shall have a tear in smiling sorrow drest ;
The tear that falls but to regret thy loss—
The smile that bids thee in thy God rejoice.

ADELAIDE.

SONG.

You ask me, dear Colin, to look the world round
And say where I think true delight's to be
found—

Then tell you in sing-song the lot I would
chuse,

But bid me beware how I banter the muse.

Wit, riches, and beauty are sweet pretty
things,

But not from their union felicity springs ;
For they are but transient, and soon may
decay,

As fades in the west the effulgence of day.

For wit, give me friendship,—for riches
esteem,

And love is superior to beauty's vain dream ;
On these shall my temple of transport be built,
And with gold, pure as Ophir's, its turrets be
gilt :

On perfect esteem let firm friendship be
founded,

And love on the union of both shall be
grounded—

No pyramid then should more permanent
stand,
Defying the touch of time's magical wand.

Here then will I rest.—Wit, wealth, beauty I
scorn,

Content with my lot, as I've chanc'd to be
born ;

But I'd be, as you've charg'd me to say what
is true,

The girl that you love, and that dares to love
you !

AN OCCASIONAL ODE,

Written for the Anniversary of the Laneas-
trian Institution.

"Wisdom is the principal thing : therefore
get wisdom ; and, with all thy getting, get
understanding." Proverbs.

OF all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth ;
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save

—These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on ;
He leaves the lingering Brute behind ;

And when a few short years are gone

He soars—a disembodied mind

Beyond the grave ; with hope sublime

Destined a nobler course to run,

In his career the end of Time

Is but Eternity begun !

What guides him in his high pursuit,

Opens, illumines, cheers his way,

Discerns the Immortal from the Brute,

God's image from the mould of clay ?

'Tis Knowledge ;—Knowledge to the Soul

Is Power, and Liberty, and Peace,

And while celestial ages roll,

The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail to the glorious plan, that spread

This light with universal beams,

And through the human desert led

Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams !

—Behold a new Creation rise ;

New spirit breathed into the clod,

Where'er the Voice of Wisdom cries,

"Man know thyself, and fear thy God !"

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the joy of Reason,

Dearer yet than that of love ;

Love but lasts a transient season,

Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure

Felt, when soul with soul unites !

Other blessings have their measure,

Friendship without bound delights.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE latest accounts from the Canadian frontier state, that gen. Izard had collected 8 or 9000 troops in the neighbourhood of Champlain and had made a movement northward towards Odletown.

The Russian schr. Antonio Johanno, from London to St. Michaels, with a cargo invoiced at £15,000 sterling, has arrived at Wilmington, N. C. a prize to the privateer Herald, of this port.

The privateer Decatur of Charleston, is taken by a British frigate—as is also the privateer schr. America.

Accounts from Buffalo, state, that our army remained at Erie—had received considerable reinforcements, and had rendered their position very strong.

A considerable trade is said to be carried on by two schooners upon Lake Champlain, under the Swedish and Danish flags. Several hundred bales of goods is said to have passed through the village of Lansingburgh, in the course of one week.

The enemy continue to harrass and distress the inhabitants much as they have done, on the shores and navigable waters of Maryland and Virginia.

The President of the United States in consideration of "great and weighty matters claiming their attention," has issued his proclamation for convening an extraordinary meeting of Congress—to be held at the city of Washington on the nineteenth day of September next.

It appears by accounts from Lake Huron, that a considerable land force under Col. Croghan, with the naval force of Lake Erie had gone against Mackinaw and St. Joseph's.

Accounts from St. Louis, (Missouri) state, that the Indians, had butchered in the most horrid manner, part of three families on Wood River.

The Saratoga of this port, has taken a schr. with dry goods from Halifax to St. Johns, and sent her into New-Bedford.

Letters from New-London state, that a very considerable augmentation of enemy's naval force, had made its appearance off New-London—and the last accounts from the Eastward, state that they had taken possession of Stonington, and had bombarded Saybrook. Other accounts say that Stonington is not taken, but much injured by the bombardment.

Accounts from Quebec and Halifax announce the arrival at the former place of large reinforcements from Bourdeaux, and of more being under orders.

The volunteer working parties from this city broke ground last Tuesday on the heights of Brooklyn; and such appears the spirit of the citizens generally that formidable field works will soon be erected for the defence of this city.

A letter from Buffalo mentions that a strong party of the enemy crossed the Niagara near Black Rock, on the 3d inst.—that they were frustrated and driven back by a body of riflemen under major Morgan, with considerable loss, and that on the same day the enemy had made an unsuccessful attack upon Fort Erie.

To Correspondents.

Several Poetical communications have been received, which will be duly attended to.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

[Hymen it appears, this week, prefers digging, as we have not noticed, during it, a single Nuptial in this city; but have selected an appropriate one from the last number of the "Athenæum," printed at New-Haven.

Married—At Salt-petreville, by the rev. Dr. Cannon, the brave Mr. Powder to the amiable and accomplished Miss Spark.—We are apprehensive that a Spark, among such combustibles, will produce something like an explosion.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Ellen Carpenter, wife of Mr. Zeno Carpenter, in the 26th year of her age.

Miss Maria Joanna Gamage, aged 16 years, daughter of Dr. John Gamage.

Mr John Gaynor.

Mr. Peter Targee, Silversmith.

At Elizabeth Town, (N. J.) Gen. William Crane, aged 68, of the wounds he received in the revolution.

At New-Brunswick, aged 22, Miss Susannah Moore, daughter of Dr. Wm. Moore, of this city.

At the same place, in the 59th year of his age, col. Peter Kaenon, an officer of the revolution.

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance.